



## A WINTER SCENE.

BY HOWARD C. TRIPLE.

Upon a mountain's crest I stand  
And look upon the world below;  
The landscape is a silver land  
Of wave-like drifts and shining snow.  
The tall and slender pine uplift  
Their steeples in the purple air;  
The crimson sun-guns sway and shift  
O'er distant mountains dim and fair.

A misty cloud floats o'er the sea  
And drops in snow-pearls softly down  
Into the vale in front of me.  
And hides from sight the little town  
That stands below a distant ledge.  
Near by the ocean's sandy beach,  
That seems to be the very edge  
Of this fair world—just out of reach.

The skies grow bright, the sun appears  
An arc of phosphorescent fire;  
Nine eyes grow dim with unshed tears,  
My heart is pulsing with desire;  
I wish that I could rule the sun  
Could stop at once his sudden flight,  
And paint these beauties every one  
Before the coming of the night.

Each distant mount is getting dim,  
The valleys look like shadow-bars;  
The sun drops o'er the ocean's rim,  
And night comes on the moon and stars  
Seem like pale specters of the air  
That are by turns both dim and bright,  
And this grand scene so richly fair  
Has vanished in the mist of night.

KINGSLEY, IOWA.

## A TERRIBLE SECRET

## The Curse of the Morelands.

BY LEON LEWIS.

## CHAPTER I.

WHY DID SHE REJECT HIM?

"I cannot be, Vance! I love you—oh, so deeply!—so tenderly! and I shall love you always and forever, but I cannot marry you! I would sooner die!"

What strange words were these to pass from a beautiful young girl to her lover and with what wild energy of despair and grief were they uttered!

And he to whom she was speaking? Ah, it was here that was seen how singular was her decision.

Scarcely three-and-twenty, yet old in thought and study, as grave as genial, with a face as expressive of kindly feeling as of intellectual dignity, and a form that was a model of many a beauty, she seemed as if he could have in no wise deserved to hear those burning, withering words which had so unexpectedly fallen upon his hearing.

How astonished, not to say horrified, was the look he gave her!

He could hardly credit the evidence of his senses, and stood as if petrified, unable to give order and sequence to the troubled ideas and impressions crowding upon him.

Then he advanced and took the girl in his arms as tenderly as a fond mother takes a weeping child in her bosom.

Surely she must be ill—as she looked. He could think of no other explanation of her singular demeanor.

"Oh, never, Vance, never," she continued, shrinking away from the arms that inclosed her so gently and firmly, and even averting her eyes from the loving glances bestowed upon her as if she dared not trust herself to meet them. "I can never marry you. I have been weak and wicked not to tell you this sooner, but, oh! I was so happy. I have always known that there is a barrier between us. But the end has now come. Sooner death than marriage. Do not press me for my reasons. This must be our last meeting, Vance—the very last."

How the lover again looked at her, as she struggled further to escape his arms. A vague sort of comprehension began dawning upon him.

He recalled the deep gloom in which he had often found her, and the traces of tears he had frequently seen on her cheeks, when he had presented himself unexpectedly to her. He remembered how she had again and again seemed to desire to fly from his presence without being able to do so.

"And yet," he cried impetuously—"and yet you love me, Jessie!"

"Love you?"

"Oh, how her arms inclosed him! Again and again, as if she could not control herself, in the wild agony of that moment, did she rain kisses upon his cheeks, eyes and lips, with a tenderness and fervency which attested how completely she had given her heart to him.

And then, with a startled and almost guilty air, she tore herself away abruptly, and placed herself behind the chair she had previously occupied, bowing her head upon its high back and sobbing as if her heart were broken.

A look of terror appeared in the eyes of the lover, as he contemplated the weeping girl a few moments, and then, with a sigh of mortal anguish, he dropped into the nearest chair, covering his face with his hands.

What a dismal abyss human life had already become for him!

What a cheat and snare were all the fond hopes he had been cherishing.

From his boyhood up to that hour, Vance Weyville's life had been cast into pleasant places, and he had hardly known a care or a sorrow.

Left an orphan in early infancy, he had been reared by a childless uncle who had made a great pet of him, and taken all the pains in the world with his education.

Naturally gifted and energetic, it had been easy for Vance to take the first place in school and college, and to graduate with the highest honors.

His uncle having purchased a large farm in Lake County, Illinois, a few miles from Waukegan, Vance decided to commence his practice in this pleasant and growing neighborhood, and the result had been all that either uncle or nephew could have desired or expected.

Within three months after his arrival in Waukegan, Vance became the most popular physician in the town, one of his oldest and most popular confreres having died and another having retired from practice on account of failing health, and only recommended Vance to the largest

olentele with which any doctor of the vicinity had ever been favored.

At the comparatively early age of three-and-twenty, therefore, Vance Weyville had found himself in a very pleasant and profitable situation.

He was not only popular with the public but with his professional brethren.

He had made discoveries and effected cures which had attracted the attention of leading medical authorities, who had spoken of his labors with the praise they deserved, not a little to the delight and satisfaction of the admiring and devoted uncle.

Perhaps the moving cause of this success was the fact that Vance was thoroughly in love with his profession.

As kind of heart as he was gentle and polished in demeanor, he thoroughly enjoyed his capacity to put an end to human suffering, and it is doubtful if the patients he saved or benefited rejoiced more heartily at his triumphs than he did.

Every life he saved or blessed gave a new charm and gladness to his own.

"And yet you love me, Jessie," repeated Vance Weyville, rousing himself from his bitter anguish and desolation, and continuing to contemplate the sorrowing girl with infinite yearning and tenderness. "You have shown it in a thousand ways. Your treatment of me for months past can only mean that my attentions have been agreeable to you. You have avowed your love for me as much in deed and word as in those gentle, timid glances which tell their story! You cannot deny that you return my passion, Jessie!"

"No, do I wish to deny it, Vance," declared Jessie, as frankly as the face of her head and looking into the face of her lover with the double intensity of affection and despair. "Oh! if it be love to live only in your presence, then am I indeed in love with you. If it be love to regard you as the incarnation of all that is good and grand in the world, then no doubt whatever can be thrown upon the fervency and depth of my affection. How truly and sincerely I love you, Vance Weyville, no one can ever know. And shall love you always and forever."

"Then why, darling, oh, why, this strange refusal to marry me?" demanded Vance Weyville, in anguished tones. "Why is it that you are resolved to banish me forever from your sight, in this strange manner?" and tears appeared in the lover's eyes as he again drew the girl nearer. "You surely owe me an explanation. Have I in any way offended you?"

Jessie Moreland shook her head vigorously, still striving to escape from the arms that held her.

"You do not doubt the sincerity of my love, darling?"

"No, no!"

"Is your mother opposed to our union?"

"Not in any such sense as your words imply, dear Vance. She only fears that our marriage would be an unhappy one. That's all."

"What a singular misgiving! Have you any idea what can have inspired her with such an extraordinary fear?"

The maiden was silent, as if afraid that a reply would lead to grave complications of a situation which had already become intensely painful.

"In any case, your mother is not the cause of your refusal," pursued Vance. "I must look elsewhere. Have you heard anything against me?"

"No, Vance. And if I had, do you think any one's slanders would have had the least effect upon me, other than to inspire me with contempt for the slanderer?"

"Is it because I am unknown, as almost every young doctor is bound to be at the beginning of his career?" pursued the lover, earnestly.

"Most certainly not."

"Is it—because I am a doctor?"

The maiden shook her head again.

"What nobler profession could you have?"

"In the whole field of human toil and study, there is no minister to our fellow-beings, curing their diseases and relieving their sufferings?"

"Then what, in heaven's name, Jessie, is the trouble?" demanded the lover, impetuously. "Why not be frank with me? If there is really any reason why you should not accept my hand in marriage, the very least you can do is to tell me what it is."

"I have a few moments for the answer of the sorrowing girl, and then exclaimed, earnestly:

"Oh, Jessie! Jessie! I cannot give you up! You must not ask me to do so! You wrong yourself as much as you wrong me by any such thought. Become my own darling wife, and banish all this unrest and apprehension forever. You cannot possibly doubt my love, dear Jessie. I finally have taken place, crossing the lawn towards the adjacent meadow, with the air of a man walking at random.

As he did so, he suddenly became conscious that the shades of evening were beginning to gather around him.

How thankful he was for the friendly veil thus thrown over his sorrow.

Darkness and night were just what he wanted at that moment.

His one thought was to have time to think that he might form some plan of conjuring the dire calamity which had destroyed his present happiness and was menacing his entire future.

In what a dazed state he was!

He could not even form a coherent theory as to the motive or reason underlying Jessie's rejection of his suit.

He did not doubt the reality of the "curse" of which she had spoken, or rather her entire and earnest conviction of its reality, but he could form no conception of its actual nature.

Yet he made the attempt, then and there, as was natural, asking himself all sorts of questions, and passing in review all sorts of conjectures.

To begin with, he knew from the confidences of Mrs. Moreland and Jessie, as casually presented during nearly a year of friendly relations with them, that the head of their family, Mr. Walter Moreland, had been a good husband and father, and a man of excellent character and reputation, whom they had lost when Jessie was a mere baby.

He had received some hints, too, in the course of his conversation with the mother and daughter, of the existence and character of a man named Radd Moreland, an unworthy and dissolute brother-in-law and uncle who was in some way connected with their existence.

And finally he had heard both Mrs. Moreland and Jessie speak repeatedly of a kindly and generous brother, Col. Barton Ridley, an East Indian merchant millionaire who had done so much to brighten the lonely lives of his sister and niece that they could never tire of talking about him.

There had been nothing secret or misleading, therefore, in the dealings of the mother and daughter with the young

physician upon all these points, and hence there was not the least reason to suppose that the action of Jessie had been based upon the existence of any irreparable family history, disgrace or connection.

Even if some misfortune of that sort had existed, Mrs. Moreland and Jessie were both too sensible to have any false shame about it.

By a single swift mental reference to what he already knew concerning the two ladies, therefore, the young physician was able to decide that the rejection of his hand was in no wise based upon anything in their family history or connections.

To the contrary, the motives which had influenced Jessie's conduct had all been of a strictly personal nature.

In other terms, she had rejected Vance because of some attribute, characteristic, or circumstance peculiar to herself.

But what was it?

Did she refer to some incurable malady of the body, or some dreadful infirmity of the mind?

Was her affliction entirely beyond a wise and loving treatment, or could it be cured or mitigated by a judicious resort to the vast resources of modern science?

Was it wholly real or partly imaginary?

Which recalled in this connection that Jessie had never made any complaints, and had always seemed to be in the best of health.

Then what could be the "terrible curse" of which she had spoken?

In any case, it was a hereditary one. Mrs. Moreland as well as her daughter, inasmuch as the latter had spoken of it as having existed in her family for many generations—a fact which was in itself enough to show that it could be perpetuated.

It might not be in their blood, and of the nature of one of those scrofulous taints which are so common?

In that case, however, why had they not made every possible effort to get rid of it, and why had they failed to take the young physician into their councils, after all the great cures he had already effected?

Was their affliction not more likely to be some dreadful form of epilepsy, which no art can cure, and which is liable to strike down a victim at any moment, with every circumstance of torture, disfigurement and horror?

But just what could it be?

This was the query that kept presenting itself constantly to the puzzled young doctor.

From the mere fact that all his attention was given to this inquiry, at the very moment of the rejection of his suit, he would be sure to take his dismissal very seriously to heart.

Not for a single instant did he regard the interview he had just had with Jessie as a finality.

If the lover had indeed been temporarily eclipsed, it had only been to give way to the physician.

He could only regard Jessie as ill, and it was no more his intention to remain away from her than if the painful interview he had just had with Jessie had never taken place.

In good truth, this interview had deepened his love for the afflicted girl immensely.

The fact that she loved him so intensely could not have possibly failed to call forth all the ardor of his own passion.

How tenderly and sorrowfully his entire soul went out to her!

How her grief and despair were duplicated in his own heart!

How earnestly he wished to get hold of her secret and banish forever all the misery it covered!

As he neared the fence at the end of the meadow, the end adjoining the highway, he suddenly became conscious that some one was dogging his steps, and came to an abrupt halt, facing about with an air of eager inquiry.

"It's only me, Vance," announced the pursuer, in a quiet, pleasant tone, continuing to advance.

"Ah, Dr. Weyville!" recognized the young physician, looking around in a curious sort of way, as if not quite sure where his feet had carried him while his thoughts were so busy.

"Is this the first you have seen of me?" asked the new-comer, as he came to a halt in front of the rejected suitor.

Vance assented.

"Then you didn't see me pull up the grays at the entrance of the drive?"

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THE NEWS.

In the case against ex-Agent McClure, of the Law and Order Society, of Pittsburg, Alderman Roho and his constable, Kerscher, charged with conspiracy, the jury found all of the defendants guilty as indicted.—An agreement was arranged between the representatives of the Amalgamated Association and the sheet iron manufacturers fixing the scale of wages.—Fire, which broke out in Willoghy & Hill's clothing house, in Chicago, caused a loss of \$50,000.—Mrs. Jessie Hale was shot and killed in Texarkana, Mrs. Hale's husband and a man named R. E. Lee had a rough-and-tumble fight during the day, in which Lee was worsted. At night Lee and his wife appeared at the Hale residence and opened fire on Mr. and Mrs. Hale.—Samuel Thorpe, colored, was hanged in Savannah, Ga., for the murder of Charles Bronson.—The affairs of the Carbon Iron Company are being wound up, and a receiver has been appointed in New York. The concern has not been in existence for five months; has no property, was merely an experimental organization.

Alfred J. Biddle, master of the American barkent Anita Berwind, died near Havana from yellow fever.—Two colored children were run down by a train on Shuck's trestle, Richmond and Danville Railroad, near Charlottesville.—Fire broke out at Hobb's glass works factory, owned by the United States Glass Company, in Wheeling, and burned several of the buildings. Loss \$25,000; insured.—The Agamere Hotel at Lake George was destroyed by fire. The flames were first discovered at about 1.30, and within three hours the building was almost a total loss. The loss is estimated at \$200,000.—The Rev. W. W. Kone, aged ninety years, died in Denison, Tex. He was the oldest Baptist minister in the United States, having entered the ministry at the age of eighteen. He was for a number of years a missionary to the Oregon Indians. Judge Hanford, in Seattle, placed the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railway in the hands of a receiver. Thomas Reeves was appointed. The road has been operated by the Northern Pacific for about a year.—The Illinois Fuel Company, of Springfield, failed.—A train dashed into a buggy in Chicago, killing three children and injuring the mother.—Mary Reilly, who had been wronged by the man she loved, jumped from a fourth-story window of a house on Madison street, in New York, and was killed. An officer patrolling his post at half-past three o'clock came across the woman's body lying on the sidewalk near the curb.

Fire which broke out in a pile of cordwood containing 100,000 cords, caused a loss of \$600,000 to the Homestead and Associated Mining Company, near Leadwood, S. D. One thousand men were put at work fighting the flames, and all the mines and mills of the company are shut down. Fire destroyed the Bassett planing mill, the Clayton & Bassett planing mill, and the Bidwell rendering works, in Minneapolis. The fire caught in the rendering works. Total loss \$50,000; insurance light.—Mrs. T. P. Harris and daughter, ten years old, were drowned in the Rio Grande river six miles west of Del Norte, Col. Harris his wife and child and a young man named Timber had successfully crossed the river. On the bank the horses balked and backed the wagon into the river.—Lightning struck F. R. Bunker's house in Atlanta, Ga. The building was burned to the ground, and a cottage on each side was also destroyed.—The captain and crew of the abandoned ship Derbyshire arrived at San Diego on the coal ship Port Patrick.—Samuel S. Draper, Judge of the Court of Monroe and Carbon Counties, Pa., died at Stroudsburg of gout.—Charles F. Palmer, son of the late Courtland Palmer, who was the founder and president of the Nineteenth Century Club, died at Bolport, L. I., of peritonitis, following an operation for appendicitis.

The doors of the state bank of Lockhaven, Pa., were closed, and it was announced that the bank had gone into liquidation.—Argument in the case of the Reading Railroad receivers' certificate was concluded, and the master will make his report to the United States Court in Philadelphia next week.—In a battle between the guards and a lot of convicts who had escaped from the prison at Folsom, Cal., three convicts were killed, and two, including the train robber Sontag, fatally hurt.—Wm. H. Moore, editor of the Evening News of Augusta, Ga., dropped dead in his room.—Ex-Congressman Wallace, of South Carolina, died at his home near Yorkville.—The quarterly report of the Tradesmen, compiled from 10,000 returns from every town in the South, shows a continued development of the textile industry, seventy-two new cotton and woolen mills have been organized. The returns show a forty-five per cent increase in the number of spindles and looms established, and forty-four looms and machine spindles.—Rev. Joseph B. Chesire, Jr., of Charlotte, N. C., was elected assistant bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the diocese of North Carolina.—Neil McCabe, a young man of Bellaire, Ohio, was found murdered by a road side. His sweetheart has been arrested on suspicion of knowing more about the matter than she will tell.—The Rev. D. C. John, D. D., pastor of the Wauwatosa Methodist Episcopal church at Milwaukee has accepted the presidency of the Clark University at Atlanta, Ga.—Malignant diphtheria is raging in Huron county, Mich.

NO FEAR OF CHOLERA.

Government Officials Do Not Expect the Disease.

Reappearance of cholera in Europe does not cause any alarm among United States Treasury officials. Reports are daily received from United States Consuls and other agents abroad, and they concur that the climate conditions that have so far obtained in Europe are not conducive to the spread of cholera there.

There have been sporadic cases of cholera and some deaths from it, but the disease has not spread as it did last year, and they expect that it will not reach this country.

Assistant Secretary Curtis, of the Treasury Department, who has general supervision over the Marine Hospital service of the United States, coincides with this view of the situation as expressed by foreign agents, but still maintains and will continue to do so, the closest scrutiny over immigrants and others coming from cholera-infected countries.

The system of inspection on both sides of the Atlantic is believed to be as nearly complete as can be made.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MINES TO BE SHUT DOWN

Startling Action of Silver Magnates at Denver, Col.

Serious Situation All Through the Mines in Regions of the West.

Mines, mills and smelters of Colorado are to shut down immediately. This is the edict that went forth from Denver to the mining camps of the State, carrying consternation to the humble homes of thousands of miners in 100 camps and to the many avenues of trade dependent upon their work. Never in the history of the State has such a fearful blow been struck to her prosperity. In all from 25,000 to 30,000 men will be affected by the shut down.

The meeting was the result of mature deliberation. For months, in fact, for years, the mine owners have been continuing work with the hope of brighter days, but when silver dropped 10 cents within four days and got to a point where it was unmarketable there was nothing to be done but suspend.

From all the leading silver camps of the State the matter fully and carefully. In the meeting there were the great silver millionaires, the heavy smelter owners and the leading bankers. There were no speeches, no waste of words. The session did not last ten minutes.

J. J. Hauserman, a millionaire several times over, who holds a large share of Mollie Gibson stock, the richest silver mine in America, and who is building the great Pecos Road in New Mexico, called the meeting to order. James E. Grant, of Omaha & Grant smelters, was selected as chairman, and John G. Graham, of Leadville, was made secretary.

"No speech necessary for me upon this occasion," said Mr. Grant, as he took the chair. "You all know for what purpose we have assembled here. We are ready to proceed to business."

On motion of David H. Moffat, the chair appointed a committee of five on resolutions, as follows: J. J. Hauserman, chairman; D. H. Moffat, E. C. Brown, M. W. Thatcher and A. M. Hyman.

THE RESOLUTIONS PASSED.

The Resolutions Committee then retired and after a short absence returned with the following resolutions, which were read by the secretary:

"Whereas, it appears from the continued attack on silver by the monometallists of the United States, England and other nations, and the existence in their minds (induced probably by the product of an exceptional phenomenal mine) the idea that the metal is so abundant and the cost of production so little as to justify the depreciation of its value, and

"Whereas, from years of experience in mining, milling and smelting, we are in a position to more thoroughly and correctly know the actual cost of producing silver and the value of the metal as it is produced, and

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